

Baxter  
Here 'is that great songbook  
I told you about  
Gary Humphreys

MULTO  
SHITTY

SONGS

OF

SIGMA Nu

LX

-VERT

## DOWN IN TWAT VALLEY

Twas down in Twat valley  
Where maidenheads grow  
Where cocksuckers flourish  
And the red river flows  
Tw as there I met Lulu  
The girl I adored  
That hare fucking c-o-o-ckin sucking whore

Shell fuck you and suck you  
She'll gnaw on your nuts  
And if your not careful  
She'll suck out your guts  
She'll fuck for a nickle  
Take less or take more  
That hard fucking c-o-o-ck-sucking  
Mexican whore

Now Lulu is dead  
She lies in her tomb  
The flies and the maggots  
Crawl around in her womb  
But from that dark region  
She cries out for more  
That hard fucking ~~s/s/s/s/~~ c-o-o-ck sucking  
Mexican who re

## BIG FUCKING WHEEL

There once was a man from across the sea  
And this is the tale he told to me  
About a maid with twat so wide  
She never could be satisfied

So they fashioned for her a big fucking wheel  
With balls of brass and a big prick of steel  
The balls of brass were filled with cream  
~~And~~ the whole fucking issue was run by steam

Around and around went the big fucking ~~w/h/~~ wheel  
And in and out went the big prick of steel  
Until at last the maid she cried  
Enough enough I'm satisfied

But that was not the end of it  
There was no way of stopping it  
And the maid was split from twat to tit  
And the whole fucking issue went up in shit

## NO BALLS AT ALL

Oh, come all ye maidens  
and listen to me  
I'll tell you a tale  
that will fill you with glee  
About a young maiden  
both tender and small  
Who married a man  
Who had no balls at all

### CHORUS:

No balls at all  
No balls at all  
She married a man  
Who had no balls at all

The night of her wedding  
She climbed into bed  
Her cheeks were all rosy  
Her lips were all red  
She felt for his penis  
His penis was small  
She felt for his balls  
He had no balls at all

Oh, Mother dear Mother  
I wish I were dead  
And lay in my grave  
With my poor maiden-head  
My troubles are many  
My pleasures are small  
For I've married a man  
Who has no balls at all

Now daughter, dear daughter  
Do not be so sad  
For the very same thing  
Was the matter with Dad  
There's always a \_\_\_\_\_  
To answer the call  
Of the wife of the man  
Who has no balls at all

Now daughter, dear daughter  
took mother's advice  
And found the proceedings  
Exceedingly nice  
A bouncings young baby  
Was born in the fall  
To the wife of the man  
Who had no balls at all

The doctor examined  
the baby that night  
And swore up and down  
He'd examined him right  
The thing that was found  
Most astounding of all  
The babe had a penis  
But no balls at all

## ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

If all the young maidens were little  
white rabbits  
And I were a hare I would show them  
bad habits

CHORUS: Roll your leg over, Roll your leg  
over. Roll your leg over the man  
in the moon.

### SIMILARLY:

rushes a 'growing--scythe I'd set a mowing  
fish in the ocean--a shark I'd raise a  
commotion  
sheep in the clover--a ram I'd ram them all  
over  
little white vixens--a fox I'd fuck 'em and  
fix 'em  
grapes on the vine--a plucker I'd have no a  
time  
bells in a tower--a sexton I'd bang out the  
hour  
bricks in a pile--a mason I'd lay them in  
style  
fish in a pool--a shark with a waterproof  
tool  
B-29's--a fighter I'd buzz their behinds  
trees in a forest--a woodsman I'd split their  
clitoris  
flowers in a pasture--a bee I'd leave them  
in rapture  
bats in a steeple--a bat there'd be more  
bats than people  
statues of venus--equipped with a petrified  
penis  
little white foxes--a dog I'd snap at their  
boxes  
diamonds and rubies--a jeweler and polish  
their boobies  
dishes and china--a washer and wipe their  
vagina  
camels in Egypt--I'd ride 'em and hump 'em  
just like Joe Collegiate.  
whales in the ocean--a whaler and show them  
the motion.

### LAST VERSE:

Oh, why are we standing here singing about  
it  
That is because we're doing without it

### Blinded By Turds

There w an old lady who lived on this street  
Her passage was blocked up from to much to eat  
She took stomach pills without reading the box  
before she could strip turds were flying ~~like~~like rocks

#### CHORUS

Tura-la Tura-lay  
a rolling stone gathers no moss so they say  
sing along learn the words  
its a bloody song but it's all about turds

She ran to the window, stuck out her ass  
Just at that moment a cowboy did pass  
He heard the strange noise so he gazed upon her  
and a bloody big turd hit him right in the eye

#### CHOROUS

O he ran to the east and he ran to the west  
when a further consignment arrived on his chest  
He fled to the north and he fled to the south  
When a bloody big turd hit him right in the mouth

#### Chorous

The nest time you wald over Blatt river bridge  
lood ~~out~~ for a cowhand asleep on the ridge  
his chest bears a placard  
where an are these words  
Bs kind to a cowboy whose blinded by turds

#### CHOROUS

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### END OF THE MONTH

You can tell by the smell that she isn't feelling well  
when the end of the month rolls around  
You can tell by her stance that there's bleeding in her pants

When the end of the month rolls around  
for its HI, Hi, Hee in the Kotex industry  
Shout out ~~KKK~~your sixes loud and clear  
Junior, Regular, Superduper, Bale of Hay!  
for where ere we go you will always know  
When the end of the month rolls around

You can tell by her walk t at you'll sit around an d talk  
you can tell by her stench that she is a bleeding wench

You can tell by her eyes that there's blood between her thighs  
You can tell by her pout that her eggs are falling out

WANNING SHORE

My first trip to Canadian borders  
My first trip to Canadian shores  
Met a girl named Rosey O'Grady  
Better known as the Winnipeg Shore  
\* \* \*

So we walked off arm in arm  
To the place she used to sleep  
Dirty old room with a straw-filled  
mattress  
It wasn't very clean, but it sure  
was cheap.

She said "My man you look familiar"  
Sat her ass down on my knee  
How about a little loving  
A dollar and a half is my fee.  
\* \* \*

We did it once, we did it twice  
Then we did it one time more  
She gave a shout and her toes  
curled under  
That was the end of Winnipeg  
Shore.

CHARLOTTE THE HARLOT

Its Charlotte the Harlot  
The girl we adore  
The pride of the Prairie  
The Cowpuncher's whore---

Lay down on the prairie where cow plop is thick  
Where women are women and cowpokes cum quick  
There lived pretty Charlot the girl we adore  
The pride of the prairie, the cowpuncher's whore. (Chorus)

She's dirty, she's vulgar, she spits in the street.  
Why whenever you see her she's always in heat.  
She'll lay for a dollar, take less or take more,  
The pride of the prairie, the cowpuncher's whore. (Chorus)

One day in the canyon no pants on her quim  
A rattlesnake saw her and flung himself in;  
Charlot the Harlot gave cowboys the frights:  
The only vagina that rattles and bites. (Chorus)

One day on the prairie while riding along  
My seat in the saddle, the reins on my long,  
Who should I meet but the girl I adore  
The pride of the prairie, the cowpuncher's whore. (Chorus)

I got off my pony, I reached for ~~my~~ her crack  
The damn thing was rattling and biting me back.  
I took out my pistol, I aimed for its head,  
I missed the damned rattler and shot her instead. (Chorus)

Her funeral procession was 40 miles long  
With a chorus of cowpunchers singing this song:  
Here lies a young maiden who never kept score,  
The pride of the prairie, the cowpuncher's whore. (Chorus)

(LABOR DONATED)

Masturbate the City of Washington

Masturbate the city of Washington  
They're running it off by hand in mighty Washington  
The boys are there with balls  
To cream their overalls  
It's harder to push them over the line  
Than down for sixty-nine  
Masturbate the city of Washington!  
Horny hands together with a STROKE, STROKE, STROKE!  
And o'er the land  
The horny hand  
Will beat the meat of Washington forever.

X  
X  
X  
X  
X  
XX  
XX  
XXXX  
XXXX  
XXXX  
Fuck You

### OREGON

Oregon our alma mater  
Where the men of steel are found  
In the bushes, with the co-eds  
making love upon the ground  
This goes on 'til early morning  
When the cops break the fun  
There'll be a military wedding  
For the sons of Oregon!

### WESTWOOD HIGH

High above Pacific's waters  
Stinking to the sky  
Stands a two-bit alma mater  
Known as Westwood High.

Mighty campus, mighty buildings  
Mighty trees and grass  
You can take your mighty bruises  
And shove them up your ass.

### CUM STAIN OUR BAND

Cum stain our band  
Where we run it off by hand  
It's such a kick,  
To masturbate without a prick  
No balls we got  
But then our girl's aint got  
no twat,  
See our vests  
And be our guests  
And slap it to the Harvard  
of the west!!!

### FUCKING SONG

Oh they had a little party down in Legport  
There was Hairy, there was Mary, there was Grace  
Oh they had a little party down in Legport  
And Hairy came all over the place.

Oh they had to carry Hairy to the fairy  
And the fairy carried Hairy to the shore  
And the reason that they had to carry Hairy to  
Was that Hairy couldn't cum anymore. /the fairy

Prostitution, prostitution, fuck 'em till they cry  
Rape 'em till they die  
Prostitution, prostitution, fuck 'em twice or  
know the reason why.

And when the fuck is over, we will buy a box of skis  
And fuck for California til it dribbles off our chin  
So fuck, tra-la-la, fuck tra-la-la  
Fuck, fuck, fucked last night  
Fucked the night before  
Gonna fuck tonite like I never fucked before  
For when I fuck I'm as happy as can be  
For I am a member of the Hose family.

Now the Hose family is the best family  
That ever came over from old Sperry  
There's the anterior fuck and the posterior fuck  
The interior fuck and the A-SUC.

Sing glorius, victorius, one big cunt for the  
four of us  
Sing glory be to IBM that there are no more of us  
For one of us could eat it all alone. DAMN NEAR!!

Here's to the foreskins, GET FUCKED!!!!!!!

The horny pricks

DOWN BY THE RIVER PARDEE

CHORUS:

Down by the River Pardee, Pardee  
Down by the River Pardee  
Where nothing is heard but the  
slush of a turd  
Down by the River Pardee

VERSES:

There once was a young man named Dan  
Who was an extraordinary man  
When he got excited  
His prick extricated  
And stretched from Burma to Siam

There was a young girl from Leeds  
Who swallowed a package of seeds  
All kinds of grass  
Grew out of her ass  
And her twat was covered with weeds

There was a young lady from Istwich  
Who took grain to a mill to make grist  
But a miller named Jack  
Laid her flat on her back  
And united the organs they pissed with

There was a young man from Van Horn  
Who never should have been born  
But when his dad shoved it in  
The rubber was thin  
And in one little place it was worn

There was a young man named McRaws  
Who did his act in town halls  
His favorite trick  
Was to spit on his prick  
And slide off the stage on his balls

There was a young lady from Caroline  
Who had a teasetat for a vagina  
She could lay all day  
With a man in Bombay  
While soliciting in Plina

There was a young lady from Azores  
Whose cunt was covered with sores  
Not a dog in the street  
Would touch the green meat  
That hung in festoons from her drawers

In the Garden of Eden lay Adam  
Stroking the ass of his madam  
He rolled over in mirth  
'Cause he knew on all earth  
There were only two balls, and he had 'em

There once was a man named Jossil  
Who Found an interesting fossil  
He could tell by the bend  
And the knot in the end  
'Twas the penis of Paul the Apostl

There was a young lady named Ostel  
Whose parents thought they had  
lost her  
But out on the grass  
Was the print of her ass  
And the knees of the man who had  
crossed her

There was an old man from Rangoon  
Who was born by the light of the  
moon  
He had not the luck  
To be born of a fuck  
But a wet dream scraped up  
with a spoon

There once was a girl from Seattle  
Who delighted in sucking off cattle  
Then a bull from the South  
Went off in her mouth  
And made her ovaries rattle

A luscious young thing named  
Miss Trevor  
Was cute and exceedingly clever  
To damp her beau's ardor  
She put pins in her garter  
And spiked the poor fellow's  
endeavor

There was a young lady from France  
Who walked down the Bus de la Cane  
She met a young Turk  
Who got in good work  
And now she can't button her pants

There once was a ~~McGerkin~~  
Scot named McGerkin  
Who was constantly jerkin' his  
gherkin  
His wife said, "McGerkin,  
Quit jerkin' your gherkin  
You're shirkin' your ferkin'  
YOU BASTARD" (nt)

There once was a man from Bombay  
Who fashinned a cunt out of clay  
The heat of erection  
Caused a reaction  
And wore all his foreskin away

DOWN BY THE RIVER LARDER (cont'd)

There was a young man named McGee  
Who buggered an ape in a tree  
The result was most horrid  
Three balls and a purple goatee.

There was a young lady from Thrac  
Whose corsets grew too tight to lace  
Her mother said "Nelly  
There's more in your belly  
Than ever got in through your face".

There was a young lady named Ransom  
Who was fucked six times by a handsome  
As she lay on the floor  
Panting for more  
He said, "My name's Simpson, not Sampson"

There was a young lady from Sydney  
Who could take it clear up to her kidney  
But a man from Quebec  
Shoved it up to her neck  
He had a big one, didn't he?

There once was a man from Nantucket  
Whose prick was so long he could suck it  
He said with a grin  
As he wiped off his chin  
"If my ear were a cunt, I could fuck it"

There was a young man from Racine  
Who invented a fucking machine  
Convave or convex  
It would take either sex  
Amusing itself in between

There was a young man from Clyde  
Who went in a ghithouse and died  
And then there's his brother  
Who died in another  
And now they're interred side by side.

There was a young girl from Pantucket  
Who went to hell in a bucket  
Who, when asked for a fare  
Pulled her dress in the air  
And said, "Play with it, kiss it, or fuck it."

There once was a young man from Lagora  
Whose cock was one inch and no more  
It was good for keyholes  
and little girls' peaholes  
But no good for fucking a whore.

There was a young lady from York  
Who was greatly adverse to the stork  
But no matter how firm, she feared no dick  
For she plugged it up first with a cork

There once was a girl from Dallas  
Who used dynamite for a phallus  
They found her vaginas  
In North Carolina  
And her torso in Buckingham Palace

There was a couple named Kelly  
Who was found stuck belly to belly  
They had in their haste  
Used library paste  
Instead of petroleum jelly

There was an old hermit named Davy  
Who kept a dead whore in a cave  
He said, "I'll admit  
I'm a bit of a shit,  
But think of the money I save."

There once was a girl in France  
Who boarded a train in a trance  
The engineer fucked her  
As did the conductor  
And the firman went off in his pants

There was a young man from old  
Sparta  
Who was a phenomenal farter  
He could fart anything  
From God Save the Queen  
To Beethoven's Sonatas

He could fart a Gavotte for a  
Quarter  
Then the theme from the coffee  
Canzona

He would boom from his ass  
Bach's B Minor Mass  
And in counterpoint La Traviata

There once was a man from Bel Air  
Who tried to bugger a bear  
But the beast was a brute  
Took a swipe at his root  
And left nothing but testes and  
hair

The wife of a young man named Bole  
Has a sense of humor most droll  
To a macquerade ball  
He wore nothing at all  
And backed in as a Parker House

There was a young girl from Cal-  
cutta  
Who used to scfew in the gutter  
The sun was so hot  
That it melted her twat  
And the milk in her tits turned  
to butter



DOWN BY THE RIVER FANDEE (cont'd)

There once was a girl named Breyer  
Who said nobody could screw her  
Along came a fink  
With a cast iron dink  
And rammed it all the way through her

From the staid stone walls of St. Giles  
Came a scream that was heard for miles  
Said a monk, "Goodness Gracious  
I fear Brother Ignacious  
Has forgotten the Rector has piles

There was a man from Iraq  
Who played the bass viol with his cock  
With massive erections  
He rendered selections  
From Johann Sebastian Bach

There was a young man from Boston  
Who bought himself a new Austin  
He had room for his ass  
And a gallon of gas  
But his balls hung out and he lost 'em

There once was a farmer named Fritz  
Who planted Bob's Acres tits  
They came up that fall  
Pink nipples and all  
And by spring he had chewed them to bits

There once was a gal from Milpitas  
Who had agreed yan for coitus  
And her athlete friend  
Had an itch on his end  
So now she has athlete's footus

There once was a girl from Mobile  
Whom had a cunt of crucible steel  
Her greatest sex thrill  
Was a rotary drill  
And off-center emery wheels

A magnificent lady from Worcester  
Once dreamed that a film star seduced her  
She awakened to find  
It was all in her mind  
Just a lump in the mattress that gorcestor

A charmer from Amarillo  
Sick of finding strange leads on her pillow  
Decided one day  
That to keep men away  
She must stiff up her cravice with Brillo

There once was a man from Bel Air  
Who was fucking his wife on the sta  
The bannister broke  
He doubled his stroke  
And polished her off in mid air

On the chest of a tout named Gail  
Was tattooed the price of her tail  
For the sake of the blind  
On her behind  
Was the very same thing in braille

There was a fairy named McGoon  
Who went to a Lesbian's room  
They were up half the night  
Having a hell of a fight  
Deciding who was to do what to whom

There once was a man named Grost  
Whose relations was with a ghost  
He said with a spasm  
At the height of Orgasm  
I think I can feel it--almost

There once was a pirate named Bates  
Who did the fandango on skates  
He fell on his cutlass  
Which rendered him nutless  
And practically useless on dates

There was a young girl from Detroit  
Who at fucking was quite aireit  
She could contract her vagina  
To a pin point or fina"  
Or enlarge it to the size of a quof  
t

There was a young lady from Brussel  
Accused of wearing two bustles  
She said, "It's not true  
It's a thing I wouldn't do  
You're simply observing large mus-  
cles

There was a young lady named Cager  
Who, as the result of a wager  
Consented to fart  
The (w)hole oboe  
To Mozart's Quartet in F Major.

In the shade of the old apple tree  
A pair of fine legs I can see  
A little red dot  
With a hole on the top  
It looked like a tarbrush to me

In the shade of the old apple tree  
That's where Karen first showed it to me of the Bishop who was confirming  
It was hairy and black  
She called it her crack  
But it looked like a subway to me then

So I pulled out my pride of New York  
It fitted in just like a cork  
And I said, Oh lady don't scream  
While I dish out the cream  
In the shade of the old apple tree

I could have fucked all night  
I could have fucked all night  
And still have fucked some more  
I could have spread my legs  
And laid a thousand eggs  
I'd never laid before

I'll never know what made it so exciting  
But all at once my cock was high  
I only know when she  
Began to piss on me  
I could have fucked, fucked,  
FUCKED all night

#### NEXT THANKSGIVING

Next Thanksgiving, next Thanksgiving  
Don't eat bread, don't eat bread  
Shove it up the turkey, shove it up the turkey  
EAT THE BIRD. EAT THE BIRD !!!

There once were two girls from  
Birmingham  
And this is a story concerning  
them

They lifted the frock  
And diddled the cock  
of the Bishop who was confirming  
then

This Bishop was no fool  
He had been to Divinity school  
He whipped down their bitches  
And diddled those bitches  
With the tip of his Episcopal toe.

There once was a guy named John  
Who was blessed with a very small  
dong

He looked kind of cute  
As he diddled his root  
For none of the girls helped him  
along.

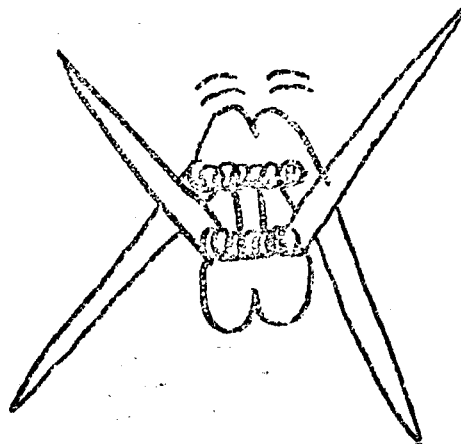
A guy named Dale from the city  
Used to play with Andrea's titty  
He said with a shock  
As he knocked it right off  
Goddamn but that titty was shitty.

There once was a guy named Thor  
Whose cock was terribly sore  
Was Felice cornholed last night  
Or did he just take a bite  
Of that thing that stuck through t  
do

There once was a guy named Ron  
Who used to root in the join  
He stuck it right in'em  
And said with conviction  
Wish Helen would suck on my  
dong.

Born in a whore house, raised like a slave  
Drinking and fucking are all that I crave  
Smashing in windows, breaking down doors  
Calling old ladies, chicken-shit whores  
Come on old lady, bring me a toddy  
I want to go out and duck everybody  
Beautiful hooker, lay down for me  
Since I'm your pimp, I'll do it for free.

Hummmmm to MADGE!!!!



## THE CORNEOLING OF DANGEROUS DAN MCGREW

A couple of boys were whooping it up in one of those Youkon halls;  
While the boy handling the music box was scratching his balls.  
The Faro Kid had his hand on the box of alady known as Lou,  
And there on the floor, on top of a where, was dangerous Dan McGrew  
When out of the night as black as a bitch and into the din and smoke  
Came a shaky old prick right up from the crick with a rusty old  
load in his poke  
He elbowed his way through the flea bitten crowd with his hand  
at the crotch of his pants  
He looked like a man with a dose of the clap and the last stages  
of St. Vitus Dance  
His britches were split and covered with spit; it looked like the  
white of an egg  
His balls hung low and swung too and fro every time he moved a leg  
His face was as red as a baboon's ass as the passion within him burned  
He rolled out his cock to display to the flock, and every asshole  
squirmed  
The lights went out. I ducked to the floor. The stranger sprang  
in the dark  
His aim was true and the sparks they flew as the donicker found its mark  
The wind it blew and the shit it flew as I looked around the room  
There were sighs and moans and farts and groans, and six bodies  
Lay stacked in the gloom  
The lights came on and the stranger arose with a satisfied look  
on his pan;  
And there on the floor with his asshole tore  
Lay poor old corn-holed Dan

## SWEET ANTOINETTE

Sweet Antoinette, your pants are wet  
You say it's sweat; it's cum I'll bet  
In all my dreams you bare as gleams.  
You're the wrecker of my pecker.  
Sweet Antoinette.

There once was a guy named Ben  
Who was always yellen for me  
He begged for Jill  
Cause she took the pill  
And they groveled around on the  
floor

## BY THE LIGHT OF A FLICKERING MATCH

By the light, of a flickering match  
I saw her snatch,  
by the light of the match,  
Well, Well,  
By the light of the flickering match  
I heard her scream,  
I saw it steam,  
I burned her snatch - -  
With my flickering match!!!

There once was a man named Lance  
Who chanced to cum in his pants  
He said with a pout  
As he whipped it right out  
God Damn, it's all covered with ants.

There once was a guy named Nick  
Who had people suck on his dick  
One day it got to him  
That someone had chewed him  
And had ripped up 5 inches of pri  
ck

There once was a guy named Chuck  
Who always yearned for a fuck  
One night after supper  
He rammed it right up her  
Now Trixie's big as a truck

There once was a guy named Fred  
Who had no use for a bed  
He said with glee  
As he slapped his knee  
I'd rather whip it instead!!

Here's to Madge, that rotten bitch  
Her cunt is lined with a seven year itch  
Between her toes, green matter grows  
And from her nose, corruption flows  
Before I climb those scaly logs  
or suck those festered teats  
I'd drink a gallon of buzzard puke.  
and die of drizzily shits

Well I've fucked in France and I've  
fucked in Spain  
And I was the chief fucker  
on the Battleship Maine  
And when I die, my tombstone will read  
Here lies a human fucking machine

O cunt, O cunt, thy deep dark and  
bottomless pit  
All covered with hair and mattered shit  
Like a pole cat's ass, thou smelt so bad  
But cunt, O cunt, thou will be had!

---

I wish I was in Lulu

Some girls work in factories  
Some girls work in stores  
But Lulu works in a little house  
With forty other whores

CHORUS

Banging away on Lulu  
Banging away all day  
Who you going to bang on  
When Lulu goes away

I wish I was a ring  
Upon my Lulu's hand  
And everytime she scratched her ass  
I'd see the promised land

CHORUS

I wish I was an apple  
A-hanging on a tree  
And everytime that Lulu passed  
She'd take a bit of me

CHORUS

(use verses to Roll your leg over)

---

Little Jack Horner  
Sat in a Corner  
Eating his Grandmother

Jack be nimble  
Jack be quick  
Jack got fucked  
By a candlestick

Jack sprat could eat no fat  
His wife could eat no lean  
So they ate each other

PANCHO VILLA

My name is Pancho Villa  
I have the ghonorra  
I got it from Maria  
She gave it to me free-a  
And now I cannot pee-a

---

G. S. DICK

Down from the hills  
came corkscrew Dick  
Born to the world  
with a spiral prick

All over the world  
he did hunt  
For a refined young lady  
with a spiral cunt

And when he found her  
he dropped dead  
For the sweet young thing  
had a lefthand tread.

h

---

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

Let me call you seetheart  
I'M in love with you  
Let me pinch your titties  
Till they're black and blue  
Let me scratch your pussy  
Till its filled with goo  
Let's play hide the wienie  
In your old wazoo.

---

Don't you know  
why theres lipstick  
on my thigh  
Sloppy blow job...

---

YOU CAN TELL BY HER WALK  
SHEE'S ONLY OUT TO TALK

YOU CAN TELL BY HER EYES  
TAHT THERE'S BLOOD  
BETWEEN HER THIGHS

## The Cardinals Be Damned

Oh, the cardinals be damned boys  
The cardinals be damned  
The cardinals be damned boys  
The cardinals be damned  
If any Stanford son-of-a-bitch  
Don't like the blue and gold  
He can pucker up his rosey lips  
And kiss the beer's asshole

Oh, I'm just a prostitute from Stanford  
And I fuck for fifty cents  
I'll lay my ass upon the grass  
My pants upon the fence  
I'll lick your slimy belly  
I'll suck your cock with glee  
But get off me you son-of-a-bitch  
If you're from USC

Oh here's to turncoat Ralston  
the dirty son-of-a-bitch  
We hope he dies of syphilis  
Combined with seven year itch  
If you take his prick as radius  
And project his balls in space  
You can prove by the law of limits  
That his asshole's in his face

Oh listen all ye maidens  
Oh listen close to me  
Don't ever trust a Stanford man  
An inch above your knee  
He'll take you down to Stanford  
And fill you full of fizz  
And before the night is over  
Your maiden head is his

If we ever find a Stanford man  
Within our sacred walls  
We'll take him down to Menlo Park  
And amputate his balls  
And if that doesn't fix him  
I'll tell you what we'll do  
We'll stuff his ass with broken glass  
And seal it up with glue

If I had a prick of steel  
And balls of shiny brass  
I'd find a marble statue  
And ram it up her ass  
Just to breed a race of giants  
To roam throughout the land  
And to swell the night chorus  
Of the cardinals be damned

66st Night I stayed at Home to Masturbate  
Last Night I Stayed at Home to Masturbate

Last night I stayed at home to masturbate  
It was so nice! I did it twice!  
Last night I stayed up late to pull my pud  
It felt so good! I knew it would  
You should see me working on the short strokes  
I use my hand. It's simply grand  
You should see me working on the long strokes  
I use my feet. It's really neat  
Smash it! Bash it! Beat it on the floor  
Smite it! Bite it! Beat it on the floor  
I have some friends who seem to think that  
a fuck is simply grand  
But for all around enjoyment I prefer it in the hand.

Mary had a little lamb  
It's fleace was white as snow  
And everywhere that Mary went  
The lamb was sure to go

It followed her to the barn one day  
for eggs she was to hunt  
It stuck its nose beneath her clothes  
To get a whiff of cunt

Now Mary was a naughty girl  
And didn't give a damn  
She let him have another whiff  
And killed the God damned lamb.

High Above a Pi Phi's Garter

High above a Pi Phi's garter  
High above her knee  
Lies the key to Pi Phi success  
Her virginity      Once she had it  
                         Now she's lost it  
                         It is gone for good  
                         She goes down for all the brothers  
                         like a Pi Phi should

Lift her dress  
But do it gently  
Lay her on the grass  
Often are the times I've dreamed of  
a piece of Pi Phi ass

Pushin

Was it you who did the pushin  
Put the stains upon the cushion  
Foot prints on the dashboard upside-down  
Was it you whose sly wood pecker  
Got into my girl Rebecker  
If it was you better leave this fuckin town.

Yes it was me who did the pushin  
Left the stains upon the cushion  
Foot prints upon the dashboard upside down  
But since I got into your daughter  
I've had trouble passing water  
And I think we're even all around.

Leland Stanford

Hail to Leland Stanford  
Loyal man and true  
His pecker measured half an  
His only ball was blue.

If any a Stanford son of life  
Should enter in our walls  
We'll take him to Menlo Park  
And amputate his balls.

Mother, Father

M is for the many times you made me  
O is for the other times you tried  
T is for the tawdy frat house parties  
H is for the hell thats in your eyes  
E is for the ever loving passion  
R is for the ruin you've made of me.

( Put them all together and they spell Mother  
Thats what I think I am going to be)

F is for your funny correspondence  
A is for this answer to your note  
T is for the tearful sad occasion  
H is for the hope I'll be your goat  
E is for the Ease with which I made you  
R is for the Rube you think I'd be.

(Put them all together and they spell Father,  
But you'll never pin that title dear on me)

## CHISEL TRAIL

Well I reached in my pocket and I pulled out a penny  
She said for that you won't get any

**Chorus:** Well come and tie my foot around a tree- 'round a tree  
Well come and tie my foot around a tree- 'round a tree

Well I reached in my pocket and I pulled out a nickel  
She said for that you won't even get a tickle

CHORUS

Well I reached in my pocket and I pulled out a dime  
She said for that you're wasting your time

CHORUS

Well I reached in my pocket and I pulled out a quarter  
She said: "Young man I'm a minister's daughter"

CHORUS

Well I reached in my pocket and I pulled out a ~~bit~~ half  
She didn't even talk, she just started to laugh

CHORUS

Well I reached in my pocket and I pulled out a dollar  
She took my hand and she put it in her collar

CHORUS

So I reached in my pocket and I pulled out a five  
She said come inside and we'll see if you're alive

CHORUS

Well I rode her standing and I rode her lying  
If I had wings I'd have rode her flying

CHORUS

Then I went to the doctor cause my gun was sore  
Good Lord said the Doctor, It's the same damn whore

CHORUS

You can put away your holster and you can put away your gun  
Your bullets been breached and your shootings all done

CHORUS

Well the last time I seen her and I haven't seen her since  
She was hustling a ball through a barbed wire fence

CHORUS



Barnacle Bill, The Sailor

Who's that knocking at my door  
Who's that knocking at my door  
Who's that knocking at my door  
Cried the fair young maiden

It's only me from across the sea  
Cried Barnacle Bill the sailor  
It's only me from across the sea  
Cried Barnacle Bill the sailor

I'll come down and let you in (3)  
Cried the fair young maiden

Just open the door and lay on the floor  
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor

What if Ma and Pa should see (3)  
Cried the fair young maiden

We'll fuck your Ma and shoot your Pa  
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor

What if we should have a child (3)  
Cried the fair young maiden

We'll dig a ditch and bury the bitch  
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor

Stop shouting at the door (3)  
Cried the fair young maiden

I just got paid and grr want to get laid  
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor

What's that thing between your legs (3)  
Cried the fair young maiden

It's only a pole to shove up your hole  
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor

What's that fur around the pole (3)  
Cried the fair young maiden

It's only some grass to tickle your ass  
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor

She can tell by your grin  
That there's cum upon her chin!!

## ONE BALLED CHILLY

Sittin' in O'Reilly's bar, telling tales of blood and slaughter  
Came the thought into my mind, why not shag; O'Reilly's daughter  
Tiddily-i-ay, tiddily-i-e, tiddily-i-ay for the one balled 'eilly  
Rig-a-dig-dis, balls and all, rub-adub-dub, shag on!!

I rabbed that sho-bitch by the tits, then I swan my left leg over  
Shag, shag, shag some more, shag until the fun was over

There come a knocking at my door, who should it be but her oddamned  
father  
Two horse pistols by his side, looking for the guy who shagged his  
daughter

I grabbed that bastard by the balls, shoved his head in a bail of water  
Rained those pistols on his ass, damn sight faster than I shagged  
his daughter

As I go walking down the street people shout from every corner  
THERE'S THE DIRTY SON-OF-A-BITCH! the guy who shagged O'Reilly's daughter

## FRIGGIN' IN THE RIGGIN'

Chorus:

There's Friggin' in the riggin(3 Times)  
When there's fuck all else o do

We sailed on the good ship Venus  
My god you should have seen us  
The figurehead was a whore in bed  
And the mast was an upright penis

The Captain's name was Morgan  
A homosexual gorgon  
He'd sit all day  
On the deck and play  
With his reproductive organ

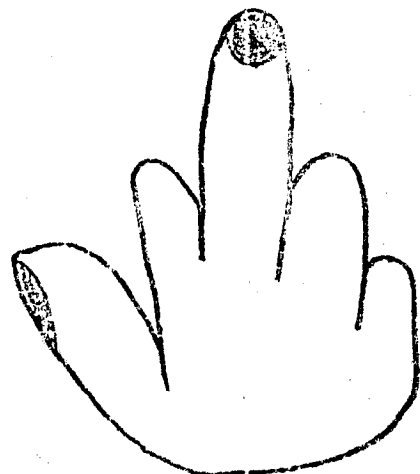
The cabin boy's name was Chinner  
The dirty little nipper  
He lined his ass  
With broken glass  
And circumcised the skipper

The captain's wife was Charlott  
By god she was a Harlot  
Her tits at night  
Were lilly white  
By morning they were scarlett

The coks wife was Mable  
By god was she ever able  
She gave he crew  
Their weekly screw  
Under the chartroom table

## JOHN'S VERSE

The First Mate  
The First Mate  
The Goddamn Captain's brother  
He wasn't fit to shovel shit  
From one hole to another!



Grandfather's Cock

My grandfather's cock was too long for  
his jock  
So it hung 90 years on the floor  
It was longer by half than the old man  
himself  
Though it weighed not a penny weight more  
It was bought on the morn  
Of the day that he was born  
And was always his pleasure and pride  
But it stopped/short/never to cum again  
When the old man died.

THE PRIAR

There was a Friar of great renown (3 times)  
 AND THEN HE  
 raped a girl from out of town (3 times)  
 la Ha Ha Ho Ho Ho  
 HORSESHIT  
 Similarly:  
 He laid her on the dewy grass  
 And then he rammed his pecker up her ass  
 He laid her on a downy bed  
 And then he rammed his pecker up her ass  
~~xxxxxxx~~  
 He laid her on a downy bed  
 and then he busted up her maiden head  
 He took her to the village square  
 And then he went and made her there  
 He took her to the <sup>countryside</sup> ~~village square~~  
 And fucked and fucked until she died  
 He took her to the burial ground  
 And thought he'd go another round

## Stanford Drinking Song

Oh it's wine, wine, wine that makes you feel so fine  
On the farm, on the farm  
Oh it's wine, wine, wine that makes you feel so fine  
On the Leland Stanford junior farm

My eyes are dim, I cannot see  
I have HEYnot HO brought my specs with me

Similarly: Beer: cheer (or queer)

ale; hale

brandy: dandy

TRIM: burn

type: spive

liquid; wicked

COCOA: 1000

whisky: Trisky

choke: choke

gin: sin

port: sport

vermouth: uncouth

uncoated: feel like hell

TEN BIG BLACK BUTT.

The big black bull came down from  
the mountain  
CHARDAWN, RUCH CHARDAWN(subst. name)  
The big black bull came down from  
the mountain  
Long time ago.

Chorus: It was a long time ago  
a long time ago  
(Repeat verse first line to 4.)

He spied a heifer in a pasture

He jumped the fence and he jumped  
that heifer

He missed the mark and he passed  
on the pasture

He wiped his prick on a white  
birch sapling

The big black bull went back to the mountain

His head hung low but his balls  
hung lower.

ODE TO A FETTER SOCIETY

HERES TO PAPE, RIOT AND REVOLUTION  
MAY PROSTITUTION FLOURISH AND  
SON-OF-A-BITCH BECOME A HOUSEHOLD  
WORD. (segue into ring-a-ding-ding)

Ring-a-ding-a-ding-ding ( #3 times )  
Blow it out your ass )  
Better days are coming by and by

## Additions

Yankee Doodle

Yankee Doodle Went To Town A Riding on a  
Baby

Turned the corner just in time to  
see a naked lady

Once I took you out into the Wildwood  
There I took advantage of your childhood  
You came once I came twice  
Oh, My God, Jesus Christ  
Cherry Bye-Bye

Won't your father be dismayed  
When he finds out you've been laid  
Cherry Bye-Bye

Won't your ~~father~~<sup>mother</sup> be disgusted  
When she finds you cherry busted  
Cherry Bye-Bye

# SCROTUM

Scrotum, Scrotum, S-C-R-O-TUM

Mangy, Rangy, covered with hair

Can't hardly feel it but you know it's there

Scrotum, Scrotum, SCROTUM

Helps to hold your gonads in